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ALOADIN,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



ALADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.



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CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET-STREET :

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PREFACE.

THE History of the Assassins, at one period a formidable sect among the followers of MAHOMET, is but little known to readers in general; and their principles and mode of government are still involved in so much obscurity as to baffle the researches of learned enquirers. This sect took its rise in Egypt at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century, and its founders formed one of the first and most extraordinary secret societies that have flourished in modern ages.

The members of this society consisted of several grades, the chiefs assuming a despotic power, not only over the lives and fortunes, but even over the minds of their followers; and while they persuaded others that they, or their sheik for the time being, were the sole depositaries of the oracles of the ALMIGHTY, and the vicegerents of his power on earth, they are supposed to have been altogether infidels in

religion, acknowledging no responsibility of action, and using and perpetuating their power merely as a means of securing to themselves the unbridled gratification of their passions. Their sheiks were chosen from among those who were initiated into all the mysteries of the society, and fell on him whose talent or connexions were most likely to consolidate the power of the sect, and to increase its territorial possessions. The sheik for the time being was known in Europe under the title of the Old Man of the Mountain.

But while the initiated followers of the sheik, like him, abjured all religious obligations, the great mass of their subjects had nothing in their belief to distinguish them from the Mahometans in general, except a difference of opinion as to which of his relations, after his death, had been honoured with the mantle of the pretended prophet.

Assuming a right to exercise unbounded power in a semi-barbarous country, freed alike from religious obligations and superstitious fears, it was an unavoidable consequence that these sheiks should be among the most vicious of potentates : but those who have not read their history will be surprised to learn, that murder was one of the principal means by which they acquired and perpetuated their power; and that all the enjoyments of the sensual paradise of MAHOMET

were promised for eternity to those, who succeeded in effecting the bloody purposes of the sheik, or died in the perilous attempt. They will also read with astonishment, that the fear of these delegated murderers was felt from the Tartar court of China, at the eastern extremity of Asia, to the capital of France, near the western shores of chivalrous Europe.

It is an historical fact, that PHILIP AUGUSTUS, King of France, being advised that the Old Man of the Mountain had sent messengers to assassinate him, established a new body-guard of distinguished men for his security, and never appeared himself without being armed with a club, fortified either with iron or gold.

The executive assassins of the sheik were very numerous, and held a kind of middle rank among his followers. It appears that they consisted of boys of more than ordinary talent, activity, or strength, brought up for the purpose under the influence of fanatical teachings; or of youths, seized by force or entrapped by guile, and induced by the operation of powerful opiates, or by a fancied revelation of the will of MAHOMET, or by a supposed participation in the enjoyments of his paradise, to live or die in blind obedience to the sheik, under a promise of eternal enjoyment.

The devotion of these men to their chief was as extraordinary as the nature and objects of their education. When HENRY, son-in-law to the King of Jerusalem, was passing through Syria, boasting of the power he possessed, the sheik of the Assassins came to meet him. "Are your subjects," said he to the count, "as ready in their submission as mine?" And, without waiting for reply, made a sign with his hand, when ten young men in white, who were standing on an adjacent tower, instantly threw themselves down.

When the Sultan MALIK SHAH summoned the sheik to submit to his authority, he turned to his guards, and ordered one to plunge a dagger into his breast, and another to throw himself headlong from a lofty rock. His orders were instantly and joyfully obeyed; and his answer to the sultan's envoy was—"Go to thy master, tell him what thou hast seen, and let him know that I have thousands of subjects of the same disposition."

In the history of SALADIN it is related, that in making a reconnoissance he was attacked by a man, who wounded him in the head with a dagger; but the sultan wrested the weapon from him, after receiving several wounds, and laid him dead at his feet. Before he had well recovered himself, a second rushed upon him, and shared the same fate; and notwith-

standing the destruction of his associates, he was immediately attacked by a third with equal fury. These attacks were made with such rapidity, that all the Assassins were slain before the sultan's guards could render him any assistance.

Personal courage, however, was not the only quality required in these missionaries. They had to make themselves acquainted with the language and customs of different nations. They assumed the dress, the manners, and the religion of those who were destined to become their victims; and obtained admission to the councils and the confidence of princes, whom they were commissioned to destroy.

The common victims of this people were caliphs, emperors, sultans, kings, princes, ministers, and generals—all who were personal enemies of the sheik, or whose possessions were a desirable acquisition to him. But their daggers were also at the service of those, who could pay the sheik for their employment.

The following Poem is founded on these historic facts. The name of ALOADIN, with a description of his garden or paradise, is to be found in the Travels of MARCO POLO (whose veracity is generally admitted), with a short account of the extinction or defeat of the Assassins in Syria, by ULAU, or HOLAGOU KHAN, the

Tartar conqueror of Damascus. There are, however, other and very satisfactory evidences of the facts adduced, independent of MARCO POLO, and some of the descriptions of the Assassins' gardens of pleasure are highly poetical.

It appears that the abduction of females was as common as that of males. These, however, were not taken solely to fill the harems of the chiefs, but to appear as houris in the temples, and the arbours, and the groves that adorned their paradises.

The strong holds of this people were generally hill-forts, some of which were situated in the north of Persia, and others on the chain of Libanus and Anti-Libanus, from whence they overawed the cities of the plain, and exercised a powerful influence on the nations round. These hill-forts contained their gardens; and generally caverns of great extent, in which were hoarded corn and honey, wine and oil, and the treasures seized in their wars or predatory excursions.

This brief history, it is hoped, will elucidate such portions of the story of the poem as may appear extravagant or obscure to those, to whom the subject is new.

ALOANIN

ERRATUM.

Page 86, last line, for "Beka's valley aid confest" read "laid confest."

CANTO FIRST.

**A LOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.**

THE FEAST.

**THE sun is setting : yet his beams
Shine brightly o'er the plain of Sham,
And smile upon its hundred streams
Until they equal with their gleams
The brightest jewels of Siam.
O'er mosques and countless minarets
His last rays glimmer ere he sets ;
And round the BAPTIST's lonely tomb
A soft and holy light still lingers,
Like the last smile, which (spite of gloom
Stamp'd on the brow by death's cold fingers)**

To the departing one is given,
Whose spirit quits this earth for heaven.

And not alone o'er tow'rs and streams
He sheds his last red parting beams ;
But on full many a bright helm gleaming,
And silken banner proudly streaming,
And serried ranks on barbed steed,
Swift as the hurl'd on high jereed.

Those beams are gone—night closes round :

But 't is a lovely eastern night,
Such as 'neath Persia's skies is found,
Where one pure flood of ambient light
Bathes all below ; while up on high
The bright stars sparkle in the sky,
And make the gazer yearn to flee

To worlds which seem so bright and fair,
That, oh ! there is not, cannot be,
Aught to cause pain or trouble there.

Throughout Damascus, in each street,
Is heard the busy tread of feet,
And the red glare of torches shine
On Moslem mosque and Christian shrine ;
Yet over all her fertile plains
A universal silence reigns,
Save when a blast of the pagan horn
Far on the wings of the wind is borne.

It is the new-year festival :
And ranged within the palace-hall
 Sit prince and baron ; and on high,
Upon a throne upraised o'er all,
 Great ULAU-KHAN : but in his eye
There is a deep and settled gloom ;
 And now and then it wanders round
The many guests that fill the room,
 As though some other should be found,
Some one loved face, which could he see.
All others would unheeded be ;

And long it rests upon a seat
That vacant stands beneath his feet,
Where, of his throne the pride and grace,
The lovely LEILA should have place.

How strong the sweet domestic ties ?
For e'en in the pride of state,
If those bonds are snapp'd, the monarch tries
In vain t' enjoy the good that lies
In the grasp of the rich and great.
Thus when the martial trumpets sound,
And the dark-eyed maiden gives the cup,
The monarch drinks the full draught up
(While the unnumber'd guests around
Prostrate obedience yield profound),
As though he meant to seek in wine
Forgetfulness ; but sorrow's chain .
Doth round and round his heart entwine,
And makes the madden'd effort vain.

Young SELIM's eyes are downward bent—

His heart with grief is riven :

He stands, like a graceful cedar rent

By the thunderbolt of heaven.

The glitt'ring throng, whose minds employ

Visions of nought but hope and joy,

He sees not ; and their revelry

Falls on unheeding ears, that lack

Far other sounds, to render back

The peace of days but just gone by.

O who would think, when in sumptuous guise

The lords of the earth pass by,

Or the soldier gains a name renown'd

And feels his brows with laurels crown'd,

That state and praise should worthless prove,

Unless kind woman's smile be nigh,

Unless the glance of the speaking eye

Of her, the chosen lady-love,

Look on approvingly.

The victor in a thousand fields
To woman's gentle influence yields—
No wonder then, while the thoughtless throng
In whirls of pleasure pass along,
Hero and sage with grief are cross'd,
And mourn a child, a mistress, lost.

The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,
And now the monarch is alone.
His head is bow'd upon his breast,
His hands are clasp'd upon his knees :
Awhile he sits, as though at rest ;
Then, starting up convulsively,
He paces swiftly to and fro,
With lips compress'd and clouded brow.
At length his agony of grief
In bursting words obtains relief.

“ LEILA, my LEILA, O my child,
“ Could'st thou but see thy father mourn,

“ And know that with a grief so wild

“ He wept thy loss, thou would'st return.

“ Beshrew my heart, if I were e'er

“ To thee o'erbearing or severe.

“ Thy placid eye, thy sunny brow,

“ Hath oft brought comfort to my heart :

“ Though laden deep with care and woe,

“ Thy smile hath caused them to depart,

“ E'en as the night-dews melt away

“ Before the bright sun's morning-ray.

“ Oh ! I have sought thee far and near,

“ In ev'ry place, in ev'ry spot :

“ Wherever led by hope or fear,

“ Have sought in vain, and found thee not.

“ Come back then, come, my loved, my own,

“ Ere yet it be too late to save ;

“ Or my gray hairs will be brought down

“ By heavy sorrow to the grave.”

'T was thus with grief so deep and wild
He mourn'd his lost, his only child.
What then to him was festival,
And sound of mirth, and crowded hall?
They did but serve to add another
And keener pain unto his breast.
O 't is in vain we strive to smother
A recent grief, and hush to rest
The troubled workings of the soul,
By the excitement of the bowl.

When the fierce mountain-torrent rushes
With headlong fury from its source,
And down its rocky pathway gushes—
Should aught obstruct its rapid course,
Madden'd it lifts its waves on high,
And sweeps the futile barrier by:
But when, within the vale below,
Its placid waters gently flow;

O who would deem it was the same
Which from the mountains rushing came,
And bore down all things in its track—
A mighty, roaring cataract !
And even thus, it is in vain
The tide of grief we would restrain,
When like the torrent's rapid course
On us it pours its primal force :
But both, when they 've awhile roll'd on
Uncheck'd, their greatest force is gone.
The river glides as though at rest—
A quiet sorrow fills the breast ;
And time, with his all-healing wings,
A soften'd sadness o'er us flings.

But where is SELIM ? He hath gone
Forth from the festal hall alone,
And sought the martyr'd BAPTIST's tomb.
There seated in the deepest gloom,

All motionless, he lists to hear
The fairy tread of those light feet,
Once so familiar to his ear :
For often he would LEILA meet
In that lone quiet spot, and there
She morn and even came to pray'r.
Her mother gave her birth, and died :
A Grecian slave her place supplied ;
And she had taught her foster-child
Some portion of the Christian creed,
Mix'd with the tales and legends wild
Of her own land, and many a deed
Of heroes, long since turn'd to clay,
The glowing meteors of their day.

Long SELIM listen'd, but in vain—
At length he slowly wander'd forth :
The moonshine brightly lit the plain,
And sloping far toward the north

The mountains, tinged with darker hue,
Arose and closed the tranquil view.
As if awoke from sudden trance,
Around he threw a searching glance,
Before him rose the city high
In deep relief against the sky.
So pale, although so truly bright,
Was that pure, soft, and silv'ry light ;
That though each building he could trace,
Each ornament and sculptured grace,
It almost made the gazer deem,
That all he saw was but a dream,
Which from the mind would pass away
Ere the first sunbeam pour'd its ray.

Not long he gazes, for no rest
Is found within his troubled breast :
Across the plain, with hurried tread
He wanders on, nor heedeth where

All brightly round the landscape spread—

Enough that LEILA was not there ;

For, without her fair form to bless,

E'en Eden were a wilderness.

At length he reach'd the mountain's base,

And sat him down, and lean'd his face

In musing mood upon his hand ;

And, as he sat, he wildly plann'd

A hundred schemes, whereby to find

The loved and lost one : but his mind

Had none matured, when, lo ! there cries

A voice behind—" Arise, arise."

He started sudden from the ground,

And turn'd, and gazed all wildly round.

There stood a tall and aged man—

His hair was white, his cheek was wan ;

But yet, within his large dark eye,

There shone so much of majesty,

That SELIM, lost in strange amaze,

Sank to the earth beneath his gaze.

- “ Vain child of clay,” the stranger cried,
“ Why dost thou thus give way to grief?
“ If caused by mortal scorn or pride,
“ The bold in spirit find relief,
“ By deeds so deep with danger fraught,
“ That cowards tremble at the thought.
“ And if thou fail’st, thou know’st that here
 “ Thy sufferings can be but short ;
“ But there’s an after life, and there
 “ The bold and faithful will find nought
“ But peace and lasting happiness,
“ And ne’er feel sorrow or distress.
“ I do not ask thy cause of woe—
“ There are full many here below ;
“ But come within my lowly cave,
 “ And eat, and drink, and rest awhile :
“ For nature when worn out will crave
 “ Refreshment meet. When morn shall smile,
“ Thou wilt be fit to wend thy way,
“ Or, if thy fancy prompt, to stay.”

He spoke, nor waited for reply,
And SELIM follow'd silently.
A hollow in the mountain's side,
Unseen till enter'd by his guide,
Received the pair. No word was spoken.
The simple viands forth were brought,
And still the silence was not broken ;
While, save the low wind wailing, nought
Was heard, and that within the cell
Seem'd like the moaning of a shell.
A couch was spread upon the floor ;
And when the plain repast was o'er,
The stranger motion'd to his guest
Thereon to seek the needed rest.
The guest obeys, nor aught replies,
And sleep soon seals his heavy eyes.

END OF CANTO I.

**ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.**



CANTO SECOND.

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ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE GARDEN.

DOTH SELIM dream ? or is the cave,
Wherein at eve he went to rest,
So much transform'd ? for fruit-trees wave
Where rose the mountain's rocky breast.
Upon a lowly couch he laid,
But 't was with Persia's silks array'd,
All deeply broider'd : round it shine
Rich gems, and gold from Ophir's mine.

He slowly rose, and gazed around :
Like a rich carpet seem'd the ground,
O'erspread with flow'rs of varied dyes—
Some mock the blue of summer-skies ;
And some the glowing tints which rest
Commingling in the far off west,
When day is o'er, and the bright sun
His swift and glorious course hath run.
In ev'ry gale an odour dwells,
And dreamy music round him swells.
The fountains throw their waves on high,
Which sparkle in the noon-tide beam ;
But many colours meet the eye,
For racy wine is ev'ry stream.

He press'd his hand upon his eyes,
But still the fairy-visions rise
Before him ; and three dancing girls
Step forth : their feet scarce touch the ground.

And now they mix in mazy whirls,
Now from the flow'ry earth high bound ;
And at each motion gaily swells
The music of their silver bells.

Like one in magic fetters bound,
He gazed on all the objects round.
The gentle breeze his hot brow fann'd,
When on his ear there fell a sound
Of music near. He turns his head—
The dancers from the spot have fled,
And a sweet girl before him stands,
Who bears a lyre, o'er which her hands
With rapid motion run, and fling
A soft tone from each golden string.
Her voice at first was faint and low ;
But soon attain'd a richer flow,
More purely deep and clearly strong,
As onward rush'd the tide of song.

SONG.

AS swiftly the Peri flies over the earth,
She vieweth each place where the rose-bud bath birth,
Where the date-trees grow stately, the white ceris twine,
And the fruit clusters thick on the soul-cheering vine :
She knoweth each spot famed for beauty and bliss,
But none can she find which is equal to this.

She catcheth the breath of each sweet-scented flow'r,
She watcheth the rainbow that follows the show'r,
She lists to the music of many a rill
Which in dreams of the exile is haunting him still,
She basks in the sunshine, she rides on the breeze—
But here we have joys that are deeper than these.

On earth all the streams are engulph'd in the sea—
Here the stream of life makes us eternally free :
There voices of mourning are borne on each gale,
The cry of despair, and the funeral wail—
Here death cannot enter, and pain hath no part ;
But joy reigns triumphant, the lord of the heart.

•

Though here, the last home of the true and the brave,
Thou hast enter'd and view'd, without passing the grave;
Yet soon will the vision of beauty be gone,
And thou in the cold world again be alone:
But when thy glad soul from its prison is free,
In this haven of rest shall thy dwelling-place be.

As swiftly as the light'ning flies,
The songstress vanish'd from his view;
And fill'd with doubt, and wonder too,
What the gay land that meets his eyes,
And whence the beings bright and fair
That came and went like breathing air,
As pale and motionless he stands
As statue from the sculptor's hands,
Save now and then the gentle breeze
Lifts his loose robes in sportive play,
Then murmurs midst the trembling trees,
And steals their fragrance in its way.

At length he spoke :—" I do but dream
" Of things that are not, cannot be ;
" For 't is not thus that hope's bright beam
" Hath shaped a future life to me.
" 'Tis true the scene around is fair—
" O so would seem earth's bleakest spot,
" My LEILA, wast thou with me there—
" And this is dull where thou art not.
" Yet sure 't is earth : for here I feel
" The same sensations o'er me steal.
" I breathe the same pure vital air—
" I see the sun his bright course steer—
" And now, far in the gorgeous west,
" He slowly sinks to godlike rest ;
" And the white clouds which near him glow
" Make the high hills seem capp'd with snow,
" Whilst his red beams around diffuse
" A hundred ever-changing hues.
" Oh ! there has been a happier time
" In which I've seen him set sublime,

“ Whilst thou, my joy, wast by my side :
“ And I have seen night’s shadows glide
“ Across the deep blue face of heaven,
“ And deem’d a holier cast was given
“ To thine, whose pure eyes were upturn’d
“ To catch the first bright star that burn’d—
“ That lone small star. And even now
 “ I gaze upon its quiet ray,
“ And think that thou may’st watch its glow
 “ At the same time, though far away ?”

He sudden ceased to speak, for near
He heard a well-remember’d air.

A voice came faintly on the gale ;
 But, oh ! he knew its slightest tone,

For to his breast it told a tale

Of days that had not long been gone.
’Twas LEILA’S hymn, and that sweet voice
Which oft had made his heart rejoice.

HYMN.

AVE, MARIA! 't is the hour of rest—

Ave, MARIA! 't is the hour of love.

A happy calmness settles on the breast,

And a deep tenderness as from above.

The wind sounds like the cooing of the dove,

And the rich sunset lingers in the west,

Gilding the gorgeous clouds, which slowly move

Through the pure air, bright islands of the blest.

Ave, MARIA! 't is the hour of peace—

Ave, MARIA! 't is the hour of pray'r:

Bid earthly feelings in my bosom cease,

And heav'nly longing be implanted there.

Lo! how the dark'ning twilight dims the air,

And the bright stars come shooting one by one


(Like diamonds in the studded hemisphere),

While to his rest has sunk the glorious sun.

Ave, MARIA! 't is to thee I pray—

Ave, MARIA! hear thou then my pray'r:

Show of thy mercy but the slightest ray,
To save my soul from darkness and despair.
Mother of mercy ! thou hast tasted here
The cup of sorrow : look on those who weep,
And, gently drying the fast falling tear,
In Lethe's sacred stream their sorrows steep.



'T was but a rush, a sudden bound,
And SELIM stood beside the bow'r,
From whence proceeded that loved sound ;
But his heart fail'd him in the hour
Of trial. Could he be deceived
In what he heard, yet scarce believed ?
'T was but an instant he delay'd,
For on his ear again the tone
Of LEILA's soft yet clear voice play'd :
It must, it could be her alone.
He enter'd, and a sudden shriek
Scarce utter'd, yet but half suppress,

Burst forth, as from the lips 't would break

Though vainly striven in the breast
To be confined ; and pale she turn'd
As death, and then her fair brow burn'd,
As though the blood within each vein
Had lent its aid that brow to stain.

And MYRRHA too was there ; but she

Held o'er her passions greater sway,
And thus address'd him—" Flee, O flee !

" From this detested spot away,
" If power of flight be still thine own—
" If freedom with thee yet remains :
" Alas ! her name is scarcely known
" Where haughty ALOADIN reigns."

But say, why thus doth SELIM start,

When ALOADIN's name he hears ?
Why doth his cheek turn pale, his heart
Beat quickly with tumultuous fears ?

Alas ! this was a dreadful waking

From out a strange and painful dream :

A sudden light was on him breaking—

The knowledge of the past, whose beam
Dispell'd all doubt, yet left behind

No comfort to his troubled mind.

At length he cried—" O LEILA, tell,

" Why is it that I find thee here ?

" And how within the pow'r you fell

" Of one you can but hate and fear ?

" Stern ALOADIN ! that dread word

O'er woman's cheek doth paleness fling ;

" While man with firmness grasps his sword,

" And curses the Assassin King."

END OF CANTO II.



**ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.**



CANTO THIRD. .

ALOËDIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE ABDUCTION.

AS recollections of the past
Rushed upon **LEILA** thick and fast,
Awhile she stood with downcast eye—
At length she slowly made reply ;
Yet rather as she would recall
To mind the circumstances all,
Than to th' attentive list'ner tell
Each action as it then befel.

- “ Yes, ’t was a fair, aye lovely, eve:
“ The sun had shed his last bright ray,
“ Yet still seem’d loth the earth to leave,
“ And brighten’d the retiring day ;
“ Whilst the red clouds, which round him roll’d,
“ Seem’d like a sea of molten gold.
“ Each flow’r had slowly bow’d her head
“ Upon her mother’s gentle breast,
“ Her parent-earth ; and bright tears shed,
“ Because her sire had gone to rest,
“ And left her a long dreary night
“ Devoid of his all-cheering light.
“ But fancy paints th’ ensuing day,
“ When his first bright and piercing ray
“ Shall wake her joyous in the morn,
 “ And kiss the dew-drop from her eye ;
“ Whilst on the gentle breeze upborne
 “ Her grateful odour mounts on high,
“ As incense to the blue-arch’d heaven,
“ Which for her canopy is given.

“ My father, then the thought of thee
“ Rush’d suddenly upon my mind :
“ I bent me down upon my knee,
“ And begg’d of heav’n that thou mightst find
“ Admittance there : that when thy sun
“ Was set, and my short night was done,
“ Again together we might meet
“ With joy before the mercy-seat.
“ And SELIM, though thou claim’d my care,
“ My father had the greater share,
“ Because I knew his erring creed ;
“ And hoping he might soon be freed
“ From superstition’s wily snare,
“ I pray’d, and MYRRHA join’d in pray’r.
“ I finish’d with my ev’ning hymn,
“ As is my custom ev’ry night,
“ Then rose ; and there before me, dim
“ And indistinct, in robes of white,
“ A figure seem’d to take its stand,
“ And beckon’d with its thin white hand.

“ Back to my heart the life-blood rush’d ;
“ And then again my hot brow flush’d,
“ And cold and clammy turn’d each limb :
“ My eyes, although o’erstrain’d, wax’d dim.
“ No motion, and no breath of air,
“ Broke the deep stillness reigning there,
“ Where, while his soul is with the blest,
“ The BAPTIST’s sacred ashes rest.
“ I know not, if it were the hour
“ That o’er me held such magic pow’r,
“ Or if intensity of thought
“ My mind to such a pitch had wrought :
“ It was, as if within my breast
 “ A small, still, quiet voice had spoken
“ Of things, before unknown, express’d
 “ By revelation ; for unbroken
“ The silence seem’d, and yet I heard,
“ As plainly as if ev’ry word
“ Were utter’d, this direction given,
“ As ’t were a message sent from heaven.”—

“ ‘ Where yon high range of mighty hills
“ ‘ Stretch’d tow’rd the north the landscape fills,
“ ‘ There is a low and narrow cell
 “ ‘ Scoop’d in their breast—a little cave,
“ ‘ Wherein the BAPTIST oft would dwell
 “ ‘ Till HEROD changed it for the grave ;
“ ‘ And there, untouch’d by human hands,
 “ ‘ But still as last ’t was placed by him,
“ ‘ His soul-inspiring goblet stands,
 “ ‘ Fill’d with rich nectar to the brim—
“ ‘ A liquid, which was daily given
“ ‘ To him, the favour’d one of heaven,
“ ‘ Whoe’er with pure and single mind
 “ ‘ But sips that bright and sparkling draught,
“ ‘ A sudden pow’r within them find
 “ ‘ They ne’er possess’d until they quaff’d—
“ ‘ A pow’r to cause the infidel
 “ ‘ To see the errors of his course,
“ ‘ To make his breast with high hopes swell,
 “ ‘ And soothe his anguish and remorse—

“ ‘ To lift his heart from this dull earth
“ ‘ To that where brighter joys have birth.
“ ‘ Thy prayer hath been heard above,
“ ‘ And granted by eternal love.
“ ‘ Then seek the cave—that bright cup drain,
“ ‘ And mercy for thy father gain.’ ”

“ The figure glided slowly on—
 “ I turn’d to MYRRHA, and her eye
“ With an unusual lustre shone,
 “ And strain’d its utmost to descry
“ The flutter of its garments white,
“ Near lost within the gloom of night.
“ I knew not why, but in my breast
 “ There seem’d a force which urged me on—
“ A pow’r that would not be repress,
 “ A sudden yearning to be gone
“ Across the plain. With haste I sped,
“ And MYRRHA followed where I led.

- “ The shadow of the mighty hills
 “ Across our path throws deeper gloom—
“ A sudden awe my bosom fills
 “ As though an inmate of the tomb
“ Had risen ; for upon my sight
“ Burst sudden, as a flash of light,
“ The figure in its robes of white.
“ So near it seem’d to take its stand,
“ I could have touch’d it with my hand ;
“ And yet in vain I strove to trace
“ A single feature of its face.
“ It sunk—and where it disappear’d
 “ Before me was a narrow cell,
“ The one I sought ; and yet now fear’d
 “ To enter, lest within should dwell
“ That which had guided there my feet,
“ Yet then I felt a dread to meet.
“ I stopp’d, but MYRRHA pass’d me by :
“ Then enter’d slow and silently.

“ We stood together in the cave
“ In which a small lamp shed its ray,
“ And round a sickly glimmering gave
“ To gloom ne’er lit by light of day.

“ Fill’d up with liquor to the brim,
“ On which the sparkling bubbles swim
“ As though just pour’d by unseen hands,
“ The promised cup before us stands ;
“ And MYRRHA drank, and to my lip
“ I raised it, but could scarcely sip
“ Ere it seem’d thrilling through each vein.
“ It was not pleasure—’t was not pain ;
“ But yet of both it shared a part,
“ And left a weight upon my heart
“ I strove in vain to cast away,
“ Till on my knees I bent to pray.
“ I sought the blessed Virgin’s aid,
“ And sorrow lighten’d as I pray’d.

“ What next occur’d I knew not then—

“ And even now I can but deem

“ I slept, and when I woke again

“ The past seem’d but a troubled dream.

“ I laid then on a bank of flowers,

“ And lovely forms were gliding round :

“ Yet none e’er seen in Sham’s bright bow’rs,

“ Save my dear MYRRHA, could be found ;

“ And she above my lowly bed

“ Bent watchful down her gentle head.

“ At first I thought that paradise

“ Had open’d to my longing eyes,

“ And these were guardian-angels round.

“ Alas ! my error soon I found ;

“ For ALOADIN’s dreaded name,

“ Alike by ev’ry creed abhorr’d,

“ Was sung in hymns, which told his fame,

“ And styled him—“ ‘ Prophet of the Lord.’ ”

“ But, SELIM, thou must not be here.

“ E’en now, perchance, some list’ning ear

“ Hath heard my tale—some watchful eye

“ Pierced thro’ this leafy canopy.

“ O leave me ; and if e’er it be

“ Thy lot again my sire to see,

“ Tell him, that though his daughter dwells

“ Afar, her heart with high hope swells,

“ Once more to see him on that shore

“ Where friends beloved will part no more.”

“ What ! quit thee, LEILA ! Leave thee here !

“ Thou canst not mean we thus should part !

“ With thee my bosom knows not fear,

“ And hath no joy save where thou art.

“ How should I dare to meet thy sire,

“ And brave his justly kindled ire,

“ That I should leave thee in the hour

“ Of need, within a tyrant’s pow’r ?”

As dies the rainbow's last faint streak,
The colour vanish'd from her cheek ;
But yet her eye shone forth so bright,
With such a calm and holy light,
It seem'd as from its casements blue
The very soul itself look'd through.

“ For my sake, SELIM—aye, for mine,
“ Leave me, if thou wilt not for thine.
“ If all the love which thou hast sworn
“ Hast ever in thy breast been borne
“ Be true, thou wilt not now withstand
“ This one, my first and last command.”

He gazed upon her silently,
And when she ceased made no reply,
As though her voice he had not heard.
Awhile he stood ; although each word
Had like a dagger pierced his heart,
With knowledge that he must depart.

He turn'd around, and left the bow'r :

 The sun had sunk in shades of night,
Yet darkness came not with the hour.

 The air seem'd fill'd with liquid light.
On ev'ry tree both near and far
A bright lamp shone, as shines a star ;
Yet ere he left that spot, one last
And ling'ring look he backward cast.
His LEILA's pale brow met his view ;
And in her eye the trembling tear
Beam'd brightly o'er its azure hue,
As violets dipp'd in dew appear.

He sprang, and caught her in his arms—

 Her fair cheek rested on his breast.
Awhile he gazed upon its charms—

 Then on it oft his hot lips prest.
'T was but a moment he delay'd ;
Then forward rush'd, as though afraid
Again to trust himself so near
The dwelling-place of one so dear.

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.



CANTO FOURTH.

A LOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE DISMISSAL.

HUNDREDS of forms are round him gleaming ;

Fair girls with wreaths of scented flowers,
With long dark locks around them streaming,

In shadow'd grots and lighted bowers.
And up on high above his head
A deep blue canopy is spread,
Bespangled o'er with star-like light
So wildly beautifully bright

Each tiny lamp sent forth its ray,
The night was fairer far than day.
And where the verdant turf was spread
 Each airy dwelling smooth between,
Fantastic groups were gathered;
 And many a sportive foot was seen
Threading the dance's mazy round,
Or joyful vaulting from the ground.
Nor were the shadowy pathways left
Of mirth and glee and joy bereft;
For where beneath the mulb'ry bough
The spreading light could scarce break through,
And where the fig-tree's foliage made
A greater depth of welcome shade,
And where through graceful olive-trees
(Moved slightly by the gentle breeze)
An ever-vaying doubtful ray
Broke fitful on the devious way—
There shunning ev'ry crowded scene,
 Each in the other's converse blest,

Wand'ring in pairs were lovers seen,
Or taking there voluptuous rest.
And oft, in chase or am'rous play,
A mirthful throng the gay dance shunning,
Bounded like harts through the shady way,
Or sudden stopt, with sportive cunning,
The vain pursuer to mislead
And laugh to scorn his useless speed.

And oft the zephyr's balmy wing
Snatches of heav'nly song would bring—
Now swelling loud the chorus near,
Now dying on th' enraptured ear.
It seem'd as if the melody,
Which fill'd that bright illumined sky,
Was breathed by some ethereal pow'r
That nestled on each mystic bow'r—
As if the full rich harmonies,
That did in sweet succession rise,

Were from a thousand sources brought,
With which the same thin air was fraught—
As if the sounds so purely clear,
Which floated in that atmosphere,
Had not a taint of this world's leaven,
But spoke the calm glad voice of heaven.

Happy for SELIM—that the bliss
Which crown'd that earthly paradise,
Was not so pure in deed as sound ;
For as entranced he wander'd round,
He saw, amid the whirling crowd,
That those he black-eyed houris deem'd
(For all of heav'nly beauty seem'd),
Of mortal passions traces show'd.
And now and then wild mirth broke out
From manly groups in silk attire,
That savour'd of the drunken shout
Oft heard ere Tartar guests retire.

Happy for SELIM—that his love
Had like a guardian-angel come,
To tell him that that luscious grove
Could not be his eternal home :
That MYRRHA's fearful warning still'd,
His passions in that tempting hour ;
Else had his soul, with pleasure fill'd,
Sunk 'neath the tyrant's treach'rous pow'r.

Happy for SELIM—that the fame
Of ALOABIN, with his name,
Had reach'd the Tartar court, and there
Had raised that undefined fear,
Which of a secret foe the brave
In common with the coward have :
And that the base Assassin's blow,
Which many a hero had laid low,
Was scorn'd by Turk and Tartar too
(Tho' ruthless were their deeds in war),

And made them long, th' accursed crew,
That spread o'er Asia's realms afar,
To chase from earth, like beasts of prey
Or serpents lurking in the way.—

For as he stood with brighten'd eye
And watch'd each slight form flitting by—
His heart grown lighter for a while,
And his brow soften'd with a smile—
A hand was placed upon his arm
That suddenly dissolved the charm ;
For a voice whisper'd in his ear
Dread ALOADIN's name of fear,
And bade him to his hall repair.
As when a merchant in his sleep
Dreams that his treasures on the deep
Securely in the warehouse lie,
Rude gales escaped and rocks pass'd by ;
And wakes to learn, by tempests tost,
His all beneath the waves was lost :

So SELIM felt. But, oh ! how short
The interval allow'd for thought !
For, that brief bidding scarcely done,
The messenger had forward gone
And motion'd him to hurry on.

And onward as his leader sped,
A brighter light seem'd round him shed,
From golden temples, and from bow'rs
O'ertwined with richly blooming flow'rs.
Full many a winding path they track
Without the leisure to look back,
Till the gay scenes around wax'd dim,
And SELIM's sight began to swim.
An indistinct and pallid light

Came from the joyous scenes behind—
Before him laid the gloom of night,
Fill'd with gross shadows undefined.
He could no longer see his guide,
Whose footsteps echoed far and wide ;

But follow'd onward, where the sound
Chased the still horror reigning round.
It seem'd as if their startling tread
Now broke the quiet of the dead ;
And noisome damps and vapours foul
Chill'd SELIM's limbs and froze his soul.
The footsteps ceased—his guide was gone—
He stood within the vault—alone !

Brief his suspense ; for on his sight
Bursts suddenly a blaze of light,
So strong, so vivid, that he tries
In vain to ope his wond'ring eyes.
And when at length he dared to gaze
Upon those brightly mingled rays,
He saw, within a spacious hall
Sparkling with gems and mirrors rare,
A table for a banquet spread,
That golden vessels proudly bare ;

And on a throne upraised o'er all
Sate ALOADIN at its head
(The same old man, who, as a guest,
Hed led him to the cave to rest):
And many a youth was seated round;
 But still the silence was unbroken,
The feast untouch'd, and not a sound
 Escaped them till their chief had spoken.

“ To thee, O mortal ! hath been given
“ A favour granted but to few.
“ Though yet of earth, the joys of heaven
“ Have just been open'd to thy view.
“ I saw that thou wert sore oppress'd,
“ And granted this to give thee rest,
“ And let thee know the glorious fate
“ The brave and faithful here await ;
“ For though the mighty ones of earth
“ Their bodies have the pow'r to slay,

“ Yet in this place a second birth

“ Is theirs, far from that pow’r away.

“ Now to my words thine ear incline,

“ And let their peace and joy be thine.

“ By Alla’s mandate ’t is decreed

“ That he who conquer’d Syria’s land,

“ Beneath whose vengeance millions bleed,

“ Himself shall bleed by one brave hand

“ Too long his impious life hath been

“ Permitted to hold on its course ;

“ And ev’ry day he spends in sin

“ Will make his after torments worse.

“ His child in mercy hath from earth

“ Been borne to changeless pleasure here ;

“ And he shall spare that happy birth

“ Who ULAU lays upon the bier.

“ Thine is the steel, and thine the hand,

“ To execute this just command.”

He said—and fast to SELIM's cheek
Rush'd the hot blood. He did not speak ;
But how he long'd to slay him there,
Upon his throne of pow'r, if 't were
Even his lot that fate to share !
His eager hand his weapon sought,
But air alone that motion caught.
What could he do, unarm'd, alone,
While those who sat around the throne,
And all within that presence, wore
A sash, which sword and dagger bore ?
Reflection came, and art assay'd
To hide the warmth his wrath betray'd.
He marvell'd what might be the fate
Of one who dared the tyrant's hate,
And knew his LEILA there might dwell
In thralldom ever if he fell ;
But, could he gain his liberty,
Gladly he'd die to set her free.

The happy thought engross'd his mind—

He stood like one by spells confined.

He bow'd his head, nor silence broke,

When thus again the OLD MAN spoke :—

“ I need not ask of thee to give

“ Thy promise that he shall not live ;

“ For in thy brightly kindled eye

“ I 've read a full and stern reply.

“ Thou 'st view'd the bright and lovely spot

“ Where all earth's troubles are forgot :

“ The instant ULAU shall resign

“ His life to thee, those joys are thine.

“ This blade, how slight soe'er the skin

“ Be wounded, lets a poison in,

“ That swiftly runs thro' ev'ry vein

“ And causes death without a pain.

“ The struggle's brief—then all is o'er—

“ The body sleeps to wake no more.

“ Come, share our feast : the morning ray,

“ Shall view thee speeding on thy way.”

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.



CANTO FIFTH.

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE SEARCH.

'T WAS morn—but scarce the solar ray
Had brighten'd ether into day,
And in the east the first red streak
Glow'd like the rose on beauty's cheek ;
When SELIM, from his trance-like sleep
Awoke. Thick crowding fancies deep
His mind engaged : nor less when rise
Before his scarce-believing eyes
Damascus' domes and sun-lit tow'rs,
The well known gardens' cooling bow'rs,

The streams that from the mountains came
Rushing to glad the plain of Sham,
That stretch'd beyond the city spread,
Where once in Rome's imperial time
Proud Tadmor rear'd her princely head,

 The boast and pride of Asia's clime.
Wond'ring he saw, nor did he deem
The past but as a fitful dream,
That on his care-worn senses prest
 When from the feast's gay scene he fled,
And on the mountain's verdant breast
 Unconscious laid his weary head.

The bracing air, the landscape gay, '
His spirit sooth'd, and cheer'd the way
That to the monarch's presence led.
" Welcome, my son," the hero said :
" For I had deem'd that both were gone,
" My daughter and my brother's son :

“ And that of her and thee bereft,
“ No kindred heart to me was left.
“ But tell, where hast thou been since last
“ I saw thee, when the wine-cup past
“ Cheerly along the crowded hall
“ In which we held our festival.”
With mind perplex’d the youth replied—
“ I left the joyful throng and hied,
“ Where on the plain the BAPTIST’s tomb
“ Lies ’neath the cypress’ sacred gloom.
“ Thence to the mountain’s side I stray’d,
“ And there upon the turf I laid,
“ Till the bright sun this morning shed
“ His rising glories on my head.”

With heavy heart and aspect grave,
Return’d the khan—“ I never have,
“ Since boyhood ripen’d into youth,
“ Known thee to quit the paths of truth,

“ But now thou sayst that thou hast lain
“ Three nights upon the open plain,
“ When in the search of one so dear
“ Our scouts have travell’d far and near.
“ And what hast thou beside thy breast,
“ Scarce seen beneath thy silken vest ?”

While sternly thus the monarch spoke,
 Returning doubt the youth opprest ;
But when the khan’s keen eye survey’d,
Th’ Assassin’s gift, the sheathed blade,
Conviction on his mem’ry broke :
“ God of my sire ! protect his child !”
Burst from his lips in accents wild.
He sank upon his knees before
The throne the kindred monarch bore,
 And on the step his forehead prest.
When reason had resumed her seat,
 He drew the dagger from his vest,
And laid it at his uncle’s feet.

“ When I shall to thine ear reveal
“ The story of that fatal steel,
“ Thou wilt, O khan, my pardon seal :
“ For things that reason’s pow’r defy
“ I ’ve but mistook for fantasy.
“ When thou canst hear, apart from all,
“ Thy servant to thy presence call ;
“ But let untouch’d that weapon be—
“ The point is poison’d, and for thee.”

Short was that morning’s state. His mind
Fill’d with conjectures undefined,
Marvell’d the khan what had befel,
And where his hidden foe might dwell ;
And if what SELIM should relate
Had ref’rence to his daughter’s fate.
Ne’er had the suppliant’s cause so brief
Attention from the upright chief,
Nor justice issued her decree
So hastily and heedlessly.

His couch he sought, and lonely there
Bade SELIM to his side repair ;
And to his anxious greedy ear
The wond'rous tale unfold. Nor less
Of wonder did he then express,
When all was known. His first command
Was, that his nephew, with a band
Of chosen youths, in low disguise,
Should search where on the mountain's rise
The mystic cave was hid ; and where
Beyond their brows the gardens fair
Spread their luxurious sweets, and high
The castle-tow'rs assail'd the sky.
Then, that no stranger hand might shed
The blood that on his nephew's head
The foil'd Assassin meant to show'r
'Neath superstition's damning pow'r,
The chiefs that near his person served
Were bade to hold a double guard :

And all through Syria's conquer'd land,
By steeds that match'd the eagle's flight,
Was spread fierce ULAU's high command,
That ISMAEL's race should feel the might
Of Tartar rule ; nor for the feet
Find needful rest, nor dalliance sweet,
Till from his mountain-throne was hurl'd
Th' Assassin chief, and the wide world
Freed from the secret murd'rer's blow,
That, sudden as the bolt of heav'n
By which the mighty cedar's riv'n,
Both kings and heroes had laid low,
From furthest east, where Indian seas
Upon the tea-coast break, to where
Fair dames and knights with graceful ease
In Gallia's regal courts appear.

Scarce had the ling'ring shades of night
Been driven from the mountain's height,

And from the snow-clad peaks the sun
Proclaim'd his daily course begun ;
When SELIM with his chosen train
Commenced his task. And not in vain ;

For soon behind a craggy steep
A low brow'd cave they found : and yet,
Though olive trees around were set,

As if from prying eyes to keep
Sacred the spot, still was the way
Both smooth and wide that through them lay.

With careful steps approach'd the band,
Marking the way on either hand ;
And ent'ring search'd the roof, the side,
In hopes without, within, might bide
Some trace that would the means declare
Of ingress to those gardens fair.

The search was vain : yet SELIM knew
Th' interior of that cavern well ;

And fancy to his mem'ry drew
So vividly what there befel,
Again the old man met his view,
And on the ear his accents fell.

That task perform'd, he next essay'd
Th' inspection of the mountain's side,
To find if haply that way laid
A road that might his footsteps guide,
Where, like a god, the impious man
Ruled, serpent-tongued, his fierce divan.
Now through each grove the searchers went,
And traced each possible ascent ;
And as no near advance was found,
A wider range they took around.
Day after day, th' unwearied band,
Their task pursued—now fertile land
Mid stony masses far extend ;
Now olive groves their spirits cheer,
The cedar's shade, and streamlets clear,

That from the lime-stone cliffs were thrown
In misty thunders headlong down,
And laughing flocks and cheerful swains
The valleys fill'd and till'd the plains ;
And oft their toilsome march was stopp'd
Where, as if cut by mason's hand,
Th' eternal hills before them stand,
Their peaks in winter's garb o'ertopp'd,
A barrier raised by GOD's command.

Still did the chief his task pursue
And quail'd not, for he fully knew
That Beka's valley laid behind,
Where Ismael's treach'rous children find
Upon the mountain's shelfy side
Castles of strength, that yet defied
The pow'r of foes—as prey-birds keep
Their eiries on the rocky steep.
Upwards he toil'd—till as the sun
His daily course had nearly run,

Where the cold breeze began to show
The near approach to realms of snow—
When far behind they 'd left each trace
Of human toil or dwelling-place—
Beneath their path a lovely vale,
Shelter'd on all sides from the gale,
Spread its calm bosom to their sight,
And fill'd their senses with delight :
For there the hand of man was seen,
And tame goats browsed the herbage green.
Quick they descend, and soon descried,
Close by a shelter'd grotto's side,
An aged man, whose silver hair
Was bow'd to earth in silent pray'r,
Beside a bed of dry leaves made,
With mountain-flowers overspread,
On which a female form was laid,
Whose ashy pale and ghastly face
Told that she 'd felt death's cold embrace.

When he arose, before the rest
SELIM advanced, and thus address
The hoary sage: " Father, we come,
" By chance directed, to thy home ;
" And wearied now would pass the night
" In this, thy valley of delight,
" If leave thou giv'st. Then why thou 'lt know
" We seek to pass yon realms of snow ;
" And haply thy advice we 'll ask
" How best to execute our task."
In accents calm the sage replied—
" If ye come here as friends to bide,
" Welcome to rest and food beside ;
" And as we take our frugal meal,
" Perchance your purpose you 'll reveal."

END OF CANTO V.

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.



CANTO SIXTH.

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ALOADIN,

PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE MOUNTAIN.

SCARCE had their plain repast been done,
When SELIM thus discourse begun :—

- “ Upon Damascus’ plain ’tis said,
“ That o’er these mountain-tops is spread
“ A valley fair ; but on each steep
“ That giant-like, a watch to keep,
“ Raises its stony breast on high
“ And human force and art defy,
“ Their hill-forts the Assassins hold :
“ And thence, as power tempts or gold,

“ The dagger or the poison send
“ To slay the brave of ev’ry land.
“ Thou mayst perhaps disclose a way
 “ That thither cross the mountains wend :
“ That service I can well repay,
 “ And ULAU-KHAN will be thy friend—
“ Damascus owns his regal sway,
“ And Syria’s conquer’d lands obey.”

To whom the sage—“ I value not
 “ The goodly things of which thou’st spoken ;
“ For on this solitary spot
 “ My all of earthly ties were broken.
“ Here did the chast’ning hand of God
“ Afflict me with his heaviest rod—
“ Here freed my soul from earthly leaven,
“ And made me seek and long for heaven.
“ But take my thanks—when on yon peaks
“ The glory of the morning breaks,
“ I ’ll be thy guide, where (from a rent

“ Between two mighty hills, that stand
“ Like altars raised by God’s command
“ For angel-worship), downward bent
“ Thine eyes a fairy-scene shall greet,
“ Spread carpet-like beneath thy feet,
“ Where cities, tow’rs, and hamlets lie,
“ And nature’s gifts men’s wants supply.”

How sweet the rest that ’s earn’d by toil !
The waking sweet ! The teeming soil
Scarce felt morn’s beam, ere on the way
Th’ excited *SELIM* press’d, where lay
The land of promise. Channels deep
Made by the rushing stream, the steep
That mock’d the climber’s toil, in vain
Their progress stay’d. Now by the course
Thro’ which a torrent pour’d its force,
Descending fast they go. Meanwhile
Surrounding cliffs still higher rise,
Till stars are seen in daylight skies.

Never did sunbeam's cheering smile
Visit that spot ; and from below,
Where swift the rushing waters flow
And brooding darkness sits, a sound,
Like thousand thunders breaking round,
Louder and louder echoing bear
Strange terrors to the trembling ear.

All hearts had quail'd but theirs, who led
The party by the torrent's bed,
When on a sudden turn a light
Gleam'd upwards on th' astonish'd sight.
Now ev'ry step brought wonders new—
First distant mountains met the view
With peaks grotesque of azure blue,
Then cities nestled at their feet
And laughing streams their vision greet ;
Till, 'tween each Lib'nus' swelling breast,
Fair Beka's valley aid confest,

And Balbec's columns seem'd to say—
“ Lo! how earth's glories pass away!”
While o'er their heads each tall cliff's brow
Its spotless diadem of snow
For ever wears—beneath their feet
 A yawning gulph appears, whose sides
Th' emancipated waters beat,
 And misty streams in rainbow dyes
 Proclaim their triumphs to the skies—
But o'er the depth thick gloom abides.

Long SELIM gazed with rev'rent awe,
Mix'd with delight. At length he saw,
Pierced far into the lofty chain
In wedge-like form, a lovely plain,
With temples, fanes, and verdure crown'd,
By precipices guarded round,
Save where in front, from hill to hill,
Strong walls and tow'rs the entrance fill.

Oh ! who shall picture the delight
That SELIM felt, when 'neath his feet
He recognized th' enchanting seat
Of ALOADIN's pow'r :—" O sight
" Desired !" he cried, " the blest reward
" Of all my toil : soon shall my sword
" Break through thy wall'd defence, and then
" These arms shall clasp my love again."

While thus the ardent youth express'd
The passions glowing in his breast,
The guide advanced : " I did not say
" That further I could show a way.
" A steep precipitous thou seest present
" A barrier to the rash attempt :
" Turn homeward, then, and lead a train
" To meet thy foe on yonder plain."

With heavier toil, they trace aback
The windings of their former track ;

And scarcely saw their journey done,
When ev'ning's shades were coming on.
Again they sought the good man's bow'r,
 Again partook his humble fare ;
And SELIM offer'd golden store,
 If he would to the plain repair.

“ I would not leave this lonely spot,
“ For all the wealth thy khan has got.
“ I knew Damascus once :—and though
“ The Christian altars were laid low,
“ Profan'd, defiled, by our proud foe ;
“ And though the ever tight'ning yoke
“ As time flew on the spirit broke
“ Of friends, the noblest and the best
“ 'Mong those who CHRIST's pure faith profest :
“ Yet did my days glide on with joy
“ That public griefs could not destroy,
“ Perhaps increased ; for I had proved,
“ What 't was to love, and to be loved.

- “ ’T was eve—unusual gloom had spread
“ Its curtain o’er our path. I led
“ My ELLA to the humble roof
 “ Where light to sightless SAUL was given,
“ In the Straight Street—a further proof
 “ That his election was of heaven.
“ That was our church, and nightly there
“ We offer’d up our fervent pray’r.
“ Then I received her for my bride :
“ But, as with joy we homeward hied,
“ A Moslem chief the fair espied,
“ And following tore her from my side.
“ I groan’d—I paused— then with a bound,
 “ Like a young lion roused, I sped,
“ And smote the felon to the ground,
 “ With deadly blow. We instant fled
“ To our loved home ; nor tarried
 “ Save to bear thence the little wealth
 “ Our means could take ; and then by stealth

“ From friend to friend we onward past,
“ From plain to higher plain. At last,
“ Fearing pursuit, we upward prest
“ To seek a shelter’d place of rest,
“ Till——How sweetly bright above our head
“ The blue arch’d heav’n that night was spread !
“ How peaceful earth reposed below,
“ As if in mockery of woe !——
“ Till, as we moved apart, each mind
“ Employ’d a lasting home to find,
“ My ELLA to the margin stray’d
“ Of yon tall cliff, ’neath which was laid
“ A scene so calm, so green, so fair.
“ Her cry of joy burst on my ear
“ Like music strange. I turn’d to see
“ What might the cause of gladness be.
“ Where was my love ? with wonder fraught,
“ Whence those loved accents came I sought,
“ And saw——I wonder I can tell,

“ That down the cliff she headlong fell,
“ And lay a corse beneath.

“ How many nights, how many days
“ Had offer'd God their silent praise,
“ While reason ceased to guide my ways,
“ I ne'er shall know ; unnoticed shone
“ The sun's bright beams on me, the lone,
“ The left ; no consciousness did eve,
“ Soft falling, on my senses leave ;
“ But thanks to heav'n, although bereft
“ Of reason's guide, I was not left
“ To perish there, when passion wild
“ Reason, religion, hope beguiled.
“ The curtain of the silent night
“ In all its dark blue breadth was spread,
“ Studded with countless diamonds bright
“ That sparkled o'er my head ;
“ When from the arms of death I rose,
“ With sense to know and bear my woes.

“ It seem’d as if that night’s pure calm
“ Had on my spirit fall’n, like balm
“ Into the angry wound. Again,
“ Of him I thought—the God and Man,
“ Who bore on Calv’ry’s height the cross :
“ And though remembrance of my loss
“ Came with that thought my mind across ;
“ Yet did the suff’rings of my God
“ Teach me to bear my heavy load.

“ Though many a dreary year has fled
“ Since ELLA slumber’d with the dead,
“ Yet (for corruption comes not here)
“ I breathe o’er her a daily pray’r.
“ Still by my grotto’s side she lies,
“ Shelter’d alone from stormy skies :
“ And when I ’m call’d to leave the earth,
“ On her lov’d corse I ’ll yield my breath ;
“ And when our spirits, hov’ring round,
“ Shall hear the last dread trumpet’s sound,

“ Together, with an eagle’s flight,
“ We ’ll shape our course to realms of light !”

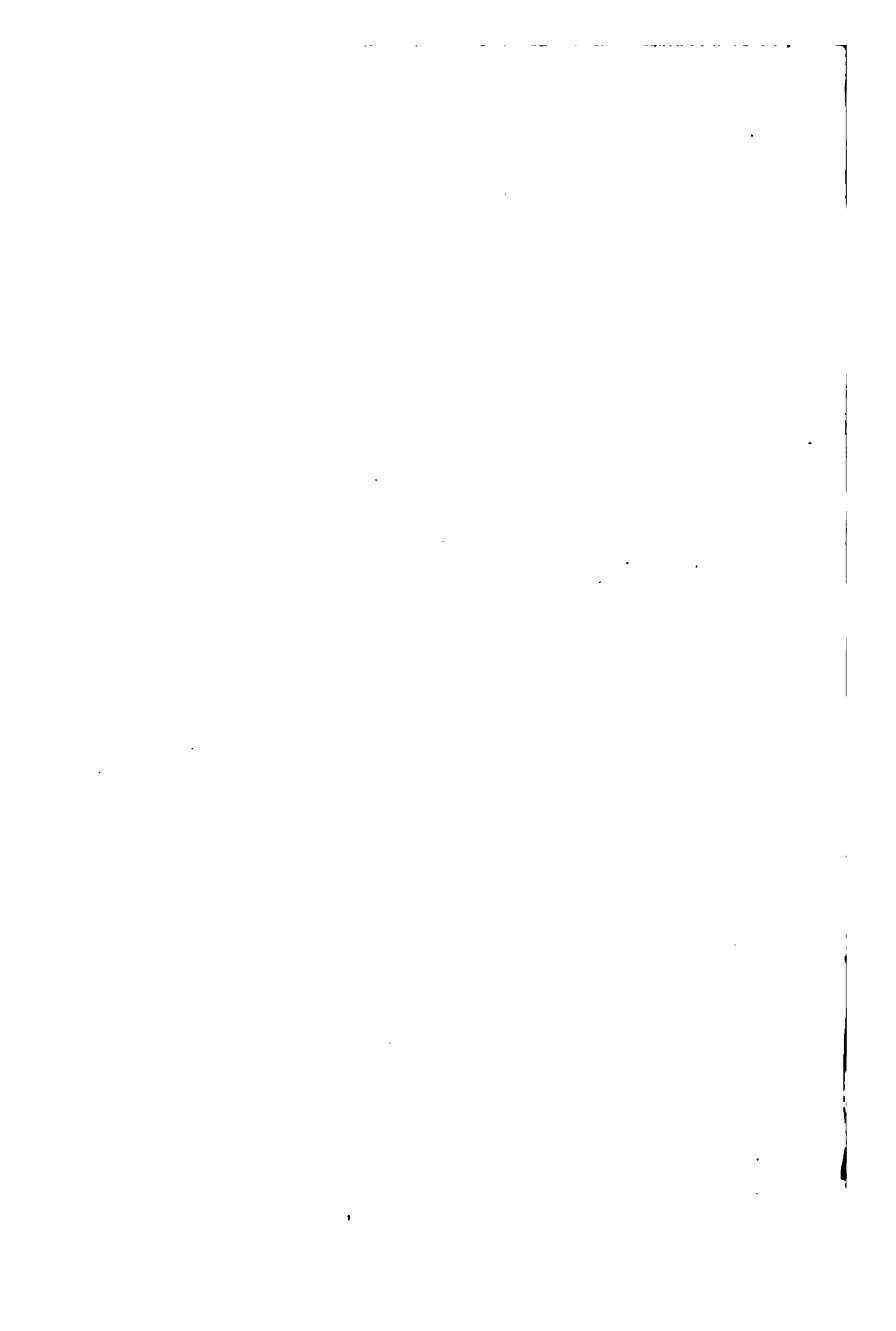
The starry harbinger of day
Had scarce withdrawn its silver ray,
When SELIM took his downward way.
Short time sufficed the youth to bear
His tidings to the uncle’s ear ;
And quickly flew from chief to chief
His messengers, with orders brief,
To lead a force without delay
Where SELIM spread his proud array.

END OF CANTO VI.

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.



CANTO SEVENTH.



ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE BATTLE.

**THERE 'S martial music on the gale,
And clanging steel, and coursers' neigh ;
And far o'er woodland and o'er vale
Bright spears reflect the solar ray.**

**Hark to the sound of the horn and the drum,
And the flap of the banners, as onward they
come ;
And the warriors' shout, and the multitude's
hum !**

See where the Arab is whirling his steed,
The Scythian comes on his courser with speed.
The Tartar hath left all his flocks on the plain,
And springs to the saddle, and graspeth the rein.
There is Egypt's dark son from the banks of
the Nile,
Who scorning all danger meets death with a
smile ;
The Turcoman fierce, and the wandering Curd,
The Turk with his spear ; and the Greek with
his sword,
Who despises, yet serves, a barbarian lord.

On, on they go in proud array,
Across the plain, away, away.
They reach the mountains far and wide,
Where eastward stretch'd on either side
The chains of Libanus extend.
Here SELIM, with a chosen band
His march delay'd : but onward prest

The mighty host, nor found delay ;
For with a whirlwind's dreadful force
They took their mad destructive course,
Till half the valley own'd the sway
Of ULAU-KHAN. Not so the rest :
They careful kept the southern side,
And ev'ry mountain inlet tried,
That there no foe might lurk behind,
Nor SELIM fail the spot to find,
Where rose on high the princely tow'rs
That guarded the Assassin's bow'rs.

Still onward press'd the foremost band,
By conquest scatter'd o'er the plain,
And chiefs divided held command
On ALOADIN's wide domain ;
When suddenly, before, around,
On ev'ry side, there burst a sound,
That from the wily ambush rose,
Of tramping steeds and watchful foes.

The whistling of arrows is borne on the gale,
The clashing of swords, and the clanging of mail,
The tramp of the chargers as onward they go
To meet and repel the yet conquering foe.

Up to the skies goes the wild halloo—

“Alla’s vicegerént” and “Alla hu.”

Brightly their sabres flash forth to the sky,
As round o’er their heads they are flourishing
high.

They have met, they have struck, they are
raised once more,

But their lightning is dimm’d by the streaming
of gore.

Onward, still onward they gallantly go,
While further and further retreateth the foe.
Again now they rally, again make a stand,
As up to their aid comes a fresh friendly band.

Amid the thickest of the fight
There rides an old man, clothed in white.

Before his sword's resistless sway
The bravest shrink in fear away ;
And arrows round him idly fly,
And sword and spear pass harmless by.
On, on he comes, with might and speed—
O'er dead and dying bounds his steed.
He heads the charge—they rush, they meet—
One struggle past—his foes retreat.

A trumpet's note is on the gale,
A warrior's shout, the clang of mail,
Of many steeds the rapid tread.
Lo! 't is the band by SELIM led :
And on they come, like the simoom,
Dread harbinger of death and gloom,
To bring destruction in their path ;
And shields are cleft and helmets riv'n.
Th' Assassins fall before their wrath,
And man and steed to earth are driven.

The sun hath sunk—the orb of night
Looks palely down upon the scene,
And vieweth but a hurried flight
Where that fierce combat late had been.
There, carried on amid the rest,
The warrior in the snow-white vest,
Is borne unwilling o'er the plain,
And strives to stay the flight in vain.

The Tartar steed came on his track—
He fled, nor tarried to look back,
Till the well guarded path he gain'd,
Which led to all that then remain'd
Of Ismael's fallen pow'r. A fort,
 High built upon the mountain-side,
Was ALOADIN's last resort,
 Where steep precipitous defied
Th' approach of men or engines known.
There sat he on his mountain-throne

Still unsubdued : for at his call

A warlike force—that knew not fear

Of distant foe, or foeman near—

Were ever ready, or to fall

In gallant warfare, man to man,

Or under dark disguise to steal

To camps or courts, and there reveal

The message of the monster-man

Wrote on the pointed steel.

And on the plain that spread behind,

His lovely paradise, confined

By loftier steeps that round it rose,

Slept in luxurious repose,

Beneath the canopy of skies

For ever rich in brilliant dyes,

In sun or shade, by day or night ;

Whether day's orb his noon-beams shed,

Or hasten'd to his gorgeous bed—

Whether the moon her pale beams flung
The temples, groves, and walks among—
Or, glowing in the dark blue sky,
The starry worlds hung gloriously.
There too the stores of ages past
In caverns deep lay hid. No fast
Its brave defenders fear'd; for oil
And honey, wine and corn, the spoil
Of many a ransack'd town, the meed
Of many a ruthless bloody deed,
Were there: and there the teeming earth
To cooling fruits and flow'rs gave birth,
And on her lovely bosom wore
A vest that Ceres' treasures bore:
While all that eastern stories told
Of precious stones, and pearls, and gold,
And women's all-bewitching smiles,
And dark-eyed girls' voluptuous wiles,
Were ready at the chief's command
To entice, reward, his chosen band.

Hither was SELIM's army led,
And 'neath the stony steep was spread.
The joy that lit his manly brow
Not long undimm'd remain'd ; for now
He scann'd the hill-fort's rocky base,
And vainly sought to find a place
Whence he the scornful tow'rs might reach ;

For when the Tartar forces tried

A lodgement on the mountain's side,
A host appear'd to man each breach,
And down the steep the whole were driven
Sudden as by the bolt of heaven.
Nor less the youthful warrior felt
Of wonder, that the stony belt,
O'er which no path appear'd, when late
The army from impending fate
Fled orderless to seek their tow'rs
Before the khan's victorious pow'rs,
Should in its womb that force receive,
Nor vestige of its passage leave.

While SELIM mused before his tent,
His mind on future projects bent,
What time the sun had closed his race—
Swift, with a serpent's gliding pace,
An armed youth advanced, and strove
 To plant a blow on SELIM's breast.
 Scarce shunn'd he the unbidden guest,
 But quickly from its scabbard drew
His temper'd scymetar, and clove
The villain to the earth: his eye
 Had scarcely turn'd from him he slew,
When frantic rush'd another by
His comrade's fate to meet. Again,
 Not daunted by his brethren's fate,
Whose still warm corse press'd the plain,
 A third in view appear'd. Too late—
For now, though brief the deadly strife,
Th' attendant guards their chief surround :
Th' Assassin's arms are quickly bound,
And tortures soon their force apply

To wring the secret from his breast,
By whose command, or whose behest,
The murd'rous three were sent. No sigh
His bosom heaved, nor did his soul
Quail 'neath the stroke ; but his lit eye
Sparkled as if the gen'rous bowl
The place of torture did supply ;
Nor from his lips escaped a word,
Save to express his soul-felt joy,
That he had won the bright reward
That crown'd his dangerous employ—
That, when his short lived pains were o'er,
His soul would dwell on that blest shore,
Where luscious fruits, and cooling streams,
And rich perfumes, and cloudless beams,
Surround for aye the happy bow'rs
Where black-eyed damsels charm the hours.

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.



CANTO EIGHTH.

**ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.**

THE INTERVIEW.

**DAYS, weeks, and months had pass'd away,
And still th' invading Tartars lay
 Before th' Assassins' last retreat ;
Nor had as yet a track been found,
By which t' ascend that mighty mound :
 Yet in the search did SELIM meet
A spot so like the mystic cell,
Wherein the strange event befel
Which taught him how the OLD MAN's wile
Did LEILA to his bow'rs beguile,**



ALADIN

PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS

THE INTERLUDE

DAYS, weeks, and now

And still th' invading

Before th' Assassins

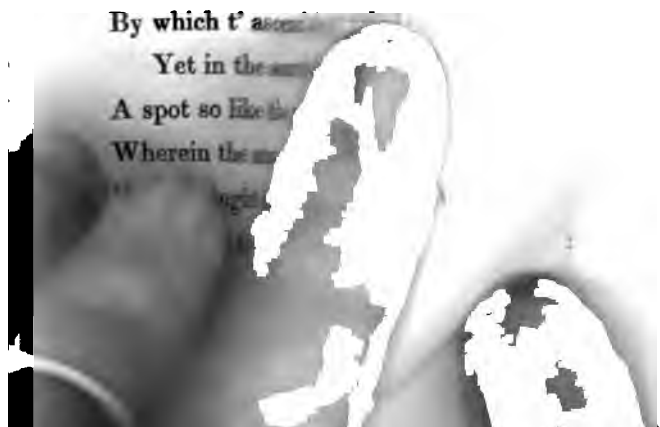
Nor had as yet a

By which t' ascend

Yet in the

A spot so like

Wherein the



That doubt no longer fill'd his breast
That that wherein he slept a guest,
And this that lay before his view,
Had each a secret passage through ;
Though all his energy of mind
In vain essay'd the course to find.

Inactive, baffled, full of grief,
He sought the khan, in hope relief
From his sage counsel to obtain :
But ere he left the ravaged plain,
Directed BAISSOOR to receive
The chief command, nor ever leave,
By day or night, unwatch'd the cell,
Nor suffer living soul to stray
From out that high-perch'd citadel :
And if, perchance, he found a way,
By force or stratagem, to win
An entrance to the bow'rs within
The rocky heights that rose around ;

That then no wrong should woman feel
From victor's lust or pointed steel,
Till his dear LEILA safe was found,
And placed secure within his tent
From open force or foul intent.

Again Damascus' domes arise
Before young SELIM's anxious eyes,
And now his manly form is prest
In kindness to his uncle's breast.
Few hours in conf'rence pass'd, and then
The streets were fill'd with armed men,
That sallied forth to war again.
The khan too arm'd him for the fray,
And pitch'd his tent without delay,
Waiting therein for morning's ray.
The guard, that SELIM erst had placed
Around the cave wherein he slept,
Had, for no inlet could be traced,
Been of their tiresome charge bereft :

But there a strong and trusty band
Was station'd now 'neath his command;
And though the former watch was vain,
Scarce had he join'd them on the plain,
When issued slowly from the cell

A warrior on a gallant steed.
They seek the shade. The moonbeams fell
Bright on the stranger, who with speed
Urged on his courser. Now each rein
Is slack, and flashes ev'ry eye;
But SELIM bids his troop restrain
Their ardour. Slow and silently
He follows on the warrior's track.
The band, by his command kept back,
Now search the cave, in hopes to find
A passage through the mountain wind.

The stranger urges on with speed
Straight for the camp his gallant steed;
And cautiously, upon his track,
Advancing swift or reining back

His courser, SELIM comes. And now

They reach a hill which riseth high
Before them, and upon its brow

The outposts of the army lie.
That instant floats upon the gale
The challenge of the sentinel.

Now will his hasty errand fail !

He passes not alive ! But, lo !

The stranger bends to his saddle-bow.

Back went the soldier, and lowly fell

His knee to earth. As the young gazelle
Rusheth with speed in its wanton play,
Swift bounds the warrior's steed away.

Much SELIM marvell'd this to see

And follow'd after speedily.

He reach'd the sentinel, who low

Before him bent to earth his brow,

And thus address'd him :—" That salaam

" Proclaims thou knowest who I am.

“ Then answer who, save me, the last
“ That by your post this night hath pass’d.”
“ May I find favor in thine eyes !
“ He was not to thy servant known.
“ E’en to the khan his journey lies :
“ He show’d a signet—’t was thine own.”

Then he remember’d, on the night
Pass’d in the cave, from off his hand
He miss’d his signet. Swift as light
The truth flash’d on him. This command
He instant gives—“ Bring to the tent
“ Where ULAU-KHAN retired at eve,
“ A band with all dispatch.” Then swiftly went
Nor answer waited to receive.

’Mid ULAU’s camp a gallant steed
Stands bridled, foaming from the speed
With which ’t was ridden. In the tent
The khan sits bending o’er a scroll,
In the perusal of it blent

Each feeling seems of heart and soul.
Its bearer too is standing by
With bended brow and flashing eye,
Betok'ning hate and rage—on high
His right hand raised, and in its grasp
A dagger gleams. Thus must he die,
The brave one, who to victory
So oft hath led? His last faint sigh,
His pangs of mortal agony,
His streaming blood, his latest gasp,
Be given thus? Shall he expire
The victim of a murd'rer's ire?
The arm descends—one moment more,
And hope and life alike are o'er.
One moment——It is past, but, lo!
Th' Assassin reels beneath a blow,
And feels a hand, which in its clasp
Holds firm his own. 'T is SELIM's, who
The dagger wrenches from his grasp.
One struggle—both on earth lie low,
But swift again they rise; and now

An armed band hath forward prest.
The stranger lifts his haughty brow,
And ALOADIN stands confest—
With curling lip, and flashing eye,
And form erect, and bearing high,
He stands, and proudly waves his hand
In scorn of the approaching band.

At length the silence SELIM broke—
“Yield thee our pris’ner.” As he spoke
There was a slight and transient shade
Pass’d swiftly o’er th’ Assassin’s brow—
Then instant fled, nor aught betray’d
Of feelings that might work below.
“I yield a pris’ner, and to thee?
“No: never shall a chain of thine
“Hang on these arms, nor shalt thou see
“Thy fetters round my ancles twine.
“Dost think a single hour of breath
“I’d purchase thus? Or that I fear

“ To gaze upon approaching death ?

“ I ’ve met him in his proud career,

“ By flood, by fire, and under shield,

“ In ocean’s wave, and tented field :

“ Then why should I shrink from him here ?

“ My heart a stranger is to fear :

“ But not so all ; for ere that sun

“ Which soon will rise his course hath run,

“ Perchance he ’ll view the death of one,

“ Who cannot with so calm an eye

“ Behold his dreaded majesty.

“ Aye, when his glorious orb hath won

“ Heav’n’s highest arch, the deed is done—

“ If ALOADIN be not nigh,

“ Within that hour will LEILA die.

“ And do *your* cheeks so soon turn pale ?

“ Already do *your* faint hearts fail ?

“ Yes ! but I read within each eye

“ A wish to glut itself with pain :

“ Nought is an old man’s agony—

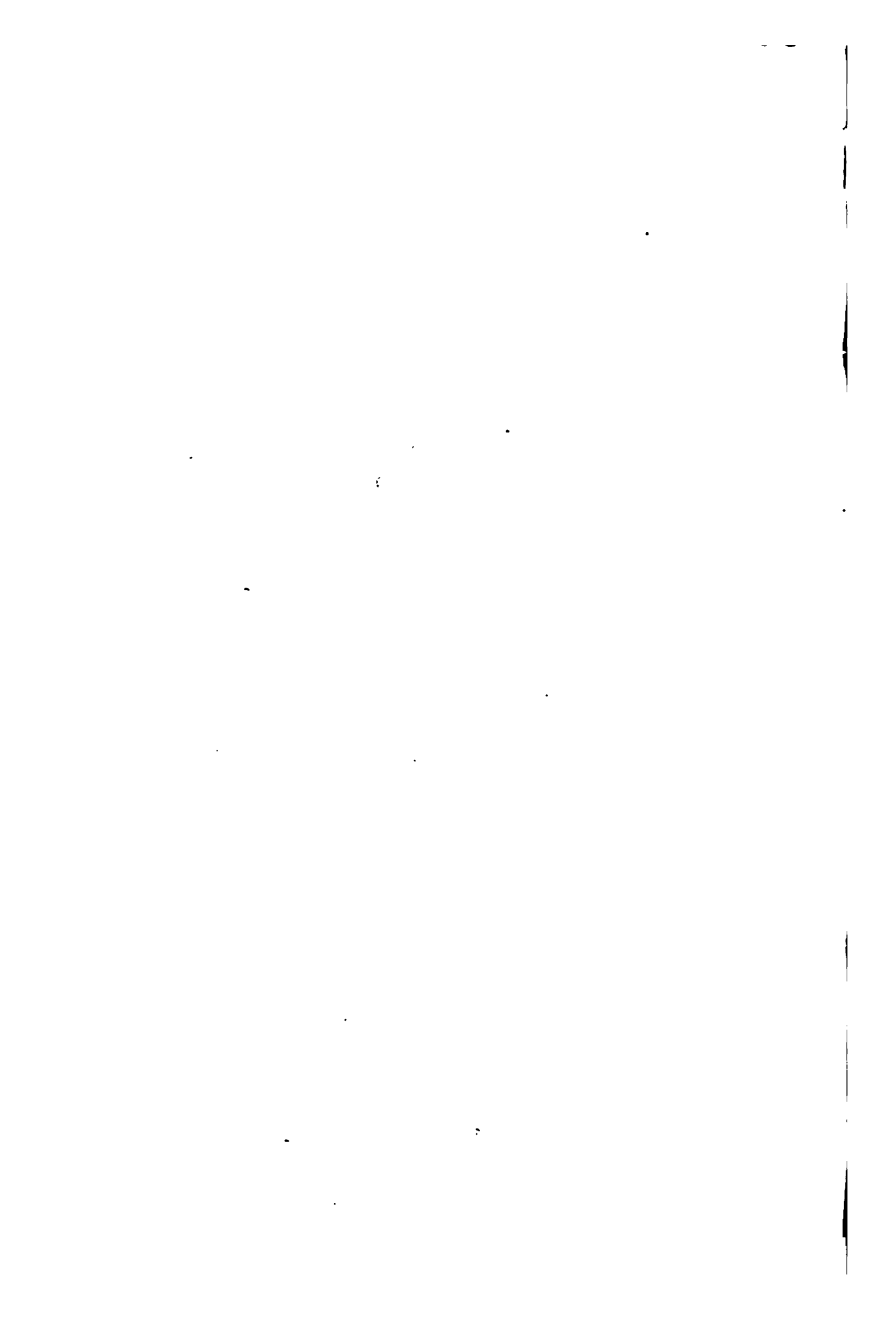
“ Yet shall that wish be not in vain ;
“ For ye shall see an eye, more bright
“ Than the gazelle’s, lose all its light—
“ Shall view a richly damask’d cheek
“ Grow thin and wan—shall hear how weak
“ That voice will fall, which on the ear
“ Now, like a harp-string, ringeth clear—
“ Beneath a swift and sure decay
“ Shall see her beauty fade away.
“ Yes—LEILA may again return ;
“ But first a parting goblet drain,
“ And feel the madd’ning poison burn
“ Like liquid fire in ev’ry vein.”

He ceased to speak, for from without
Was heard the tramp of many steeds :
Then all was still. But, lo ! a shout,
One long wild burst of joy, succeeds.
An instant more—and LEILA’s prest
With rapture to her father’s breast.

ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.



CANTO NINTH.



ALOADIN,
PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE DISCOVERY.

SCARCELY had **SELIM** left his band
In sage **ABDALLAH**'s safe command,
When searching in the mountain's side
 From whence the well-arm'd warrior rode,
The long-sought passage he espied
 To **ALOADIN**'s proud abode.
Nor had he then the pathway found,
With blocks of lime-stone piled around ;

But that of those who had the care
 The massy portals to unfold,
 Whene'er the chief would thence repair.
 One luckless slave had lost his hold,
 And cross the yawning gulph he laid
 For that portcullis' entrance made.

The shrieking slave the searchers led
 Where stretch'd on his uneasy bed
 Which mangled limb he lies. In vain
 They labour'd long with all their force
 The arduous mission to divorce:

Then when from the imminent weight
 The slave was freed—“Now quick explain.”
 “Without crime—how can he thus here?”
 “And who thou art, and whence relate.”
 “I am a man, and thou shalt know my name.”
 “And how, and why, but answer me.”
 “I am a man, and thou shalt know my name.”

- “ Safely from ALOADIN’s pow’r
 “ Bear me afar, and I will show,
“ Within the space of one short hour,
 “ How thou may’st seize without a blow
“ All he has gain’d by treach’rous wiles,
“ Rapine and theft, and murd’ring smiles.
“ To guard the arched path, that leads
“ To palaces and flow’ry meads
“ From this rude cave, two barriers stand—
“ The one of stone, from which thy band
“ Hath rescued me, which on this side
 “ Seemly in broken masses lie
 “ And may the strictest search defy.
“ These by the lever’s pow’r we guide
“ Till, safely lodged on either hand—
“ The second at short distance stand,
“ And is of pond’rous metal cast,
“ By massive bolts and bars made fast.
“ So close and thick the stony wall,
 “ That nought within the cave is heard

“ By those who inward hold their guard ;
“ Yet both are open'd by a call—
“ A pass-word changed day by day,
“ When back returns the chief this way.”

“ Know'st thou this magic word.” “ I do.”
“ And how 't is giv'n ? “ Hidden from view
“ By the cave's mouth a passage lies
“ Through which the watch-word can be given ;
“ And then each ready guardsman flies,
“ And bars are raised, and bolts undriven.”
“ Quick, give the word,” ABDALLAH cries.
“ First promise me,” the slave replies,
“ That hence by kindly hands I 'm borne
“ Safe, ere the tyrant's dread return,
“ Where to my wounded limb beside
“ The leech's art may be applied.—
“ 'T is well—then onward gently bear
“ My worn-out frame ; but ere I speak,

“ To my advice give patient ear,

“ Lest sad mischance thy purpose break.

“ Soon as the stony screens unfold,

“ Burst through the passage—seize the
slaves—

“ Let trusty hands the levers hold.—

“ He faileth not, who all things braves.”

The word was giv’n. Wide open fly

The massive gates, and swift pass by

The warrior-train. O’erwhelm’d with fear

The guard betakes itself to flight,

And to the palace-inmates bear

Tidings of the disastrous fight.

Swift sped the foe, and in brief space

Spread terror over all the plain.

Soldiers and chiefs their conquest grace,

And prized o’er all amid the train

Of captive dames was LEILA brought ;

Then with the precious burthen fraught,

A chosen troop in haste was sent
To bear her safe to ULAU's tent.

Like lightning flash'd through ULAU's brain

The thought she but return'd to die—

To linger a few hours in pain

And sink outworn by agony.

He gazes on her crimson'd cheek—

The life-blood warmly mantles there ;

And the calm joy her eyes bespeak

Assures his soul, and soothes his care.

He felt as if the stream of life

Had backward turn'd towards its source,

And drowning by-gone griefs and fears

Lost hopes had brought back in its course.

A livelier joy young SELIM shared—

The current of his hopes had risen ;

And, pouring with impetuous force,

Before its waves had onward driven

All that his ardent mind had fear'd.
Nought now could happen to divorce
His fate from LEILA'S. Glowing with light,
 Before him in glad prospect rise,
 With her, his dear, his lovely prize,
A vista, fill'd with objects bright
Of empire wide and fond delight,
Sudden—as when in gloomy night
 Thick darkness her impervious wings
 Spreads o'er all nature's face, and flings
Her terrors cross the trav'ler's mind ;
The lightning's flash the gloom dispels,
And on his gladden'd vision swells
The scene that he had long'd to find,
The path that tow'rd his dwelling wind.

On ALOADIN'S haughty brow
 Appears no token to bespeak
The feelings that might lurk below ;
 But pallid is his changeless cheek,

Nor doth his keen and piercing eye
Shrink from the closest scrutiny.
He knew his last retreat was won—
His dearest hopes, his pow'r, were gone ;
And yet, while all around exprest
The triumph swelling in each breast,
Upright and motionless he stands,
With folded arms and clenched hands,
Like the scathed tow'r that lifts its head
 High o'er the blasted rock, while round,
Scattered, in shapeless ruin spread,
 Its kindred masses strew the ground.

Nor long unnoticed, for the khan
 (His daughter seated at his feet)
Turn'd proudly to the brave old man ;
 And as their mutual glances meet,
Thro' LEILA'S frame a shudder ran,
Lest, just as was her father's hate,
He might to too severe a fate

Subject his pow'rless foe. " O spare

" His life, my sire : for though by guile

" He tore me from thy arms awhile ;

" Yet when within his gardens fair

" A pris'ner I remain'd, no care

" Was wanting for my comfort there.

" And I had happy been, hadst thou

" And SELIM shared my daily fare,

" And made with me my morning vow,

" And breathed with me my ev'ning pray'r."

" Thou know'st not then," the khan replies,

" The fraud that in his bosom lies—

" Thou know'st not, that, with poison'd steel

" He sought thy father's life, and sent

" Thy SELIM with the foul intent,

" That he the dreadful blow should deal,

" Who, heav'n supported, did reveal

" The fatal purpose—that to-day,

" By cursed arts, he found a way

“ To glide into my tent—and still
“ His bloody purpose would fulfil.
“ The poison’d weapon’s here.” He said,
And turn’d him where the dagger laid,
But it was gone. Before he spoke
Th’ Assassin thus the silence broke.

“ Peace, babbler, peace. I came not here
“ A boon to crave, or death to fear.
“ Beleaguer’d round on yonder plain,
“ We still th’ unequal fight maintain,
“ And bear down all attack : but still
“ The slaves that erst would, at my will,
“ The dagger with their heart’s blood stain,
“ Or headlong from the lofty tower
“ Fall crush’d upon th’ astonish’d plain,
“ To doubt my word, to scorn my power,
“ Began. I chose the chance to die
“ In this adventure gloriously,

“ Rather than live to be the sport
“ Of those, who would my mountain-fort
“ Betray to thee or thine. I came
 “ With purpose to destroy thee, khan ;
“ And I had done ’t. Cursed be his name
 “ That dogg’d me hither, and my plan
“ To ruin brought. Cursed too the fate,
 “ That through the mystic cavern led
 “ Thy coward-slaves. I else had sped,
“ With triumph on my brow, elate,
“ My former pow’r to reinstate ;
“ Or in my fall a grief thou ’dst shared
“ To which my pains were poor compared :
“ For, ere the sun’s declining ray
“ Had ceased to gild his downward way,
“ Grim death his icy arms had flung
“ Round her, the beautiful, the young,
“ To whose frail life thine own is strung ;
“ And the same tow’rs, whose might defy
“ The flower of thy chivalry,

“ Had, down the steep by engines thrown,
“ A monument to my renown
“ Raised o’er the armed host, that lie
“ Crouch’d at their feet inactively. •

“ I see the rage that glooms thy brow,
“ And scorn it with a bitter scorn :
“ For know, that while I speak—e’en now—
“ A poison through my veins is borne,
“ Which, ere thy wrath can break on me,
“ Will from thy minions set me free ;
“ And lay me on the darksome bed,
“ Which, for thy frame, my hands had spread.”

Ere he had ceased, his clear voice fail’d—
The poison had his limbs assail’d—
And with a weak and trembling hand
(His folded arms unloosed) he laid
Before the khan th’ abstracted blade,
That SELIM erst by his command

Brought from th' accursed feast. With awe
Th' assembled chiefs the monster saw
Dying a double death. His side,
In which a deep wound open'd wide,
Emitted fast the crimson tide.
And though no sigh convulsed his breath
While lying on the blood-stain'd earth ;
Yet through his limbs, with frightful force,
The poison show'd its madden'd course,
And o'er the harden'd features stole
His dying agony of soul.

Near where Baalbec's columns rise,
As toward the south he turns his eyes,
The trav'ler oft the ruins greet
Of ALOADIN's last retreat,
Perch'd on a stony cliff ; and there
Lies stretch'd beyond a valley fair,
Which once had own'd his princely care :
And though, beyond the mighty mound,

No cave or track can now be found,
Which once had thought its entrails wound ;
Yet often—as at break of day
The mountain-peasant treads the way,
Where midst her ever-rosy meads
Damascus lies—across his path,
On courser panting hard for breath,
An armed warrior passeth by,
Spurring his swift steed furiously.

Nought but these fleeting shadows show,
As on the peasants trembling go,
Whence, through the high-hill's cavern'd side,
Fierce ALOADIN pass'd—and died.

END OF ALOADIN.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

THE STORM.

THE August day was closing fast,
The sun was setting bright,
And ocean, cliff, and tow'r, and tree,
Threw back his gorgeous light ;

The heaving billows scarcely broke,
Altho' the north-west bore,
At intervals, her sigh-like gusts
Toward the rocky shore :

When MARY sought the tall cliff's side,
To pass the ev'ning hour,
Where art and nature had combined
To form a rustic bower.

There had her WILLIAM told his love,
And there her troth she gave ;
And he was all that maid could wish,
Handsome, and true, and brave.

From early youth the sea for him
Possess'd unnumber'd charms ;
And when ashore no joy had he,
Save in his MARY's arms.

Approving friends and chaste desires
Hallow'd the cherish'd flame,
And each one to the other's sire
Like his own child became.

Jointly they bought a gallant brig,
Which, under his command,
Freighted with costly merchandize,
Sail'd to a distant land.

And this the promise made—that if
To duty he proved true,
The gain, the ship, should be his own
And lovely MARY too.

A ship, a wife ! the valued prize
His youthful ardour fired,
And all that skill could do was done,
And all that hope desired :

And ere three suns their course had run
His home he hoped to see,
His vessel anchor'd safe in port
From ev'ry peril free.

This news that day had MARY reach'd ;
And solitude she sought,
Sweet contemplation to indulge
And ev'ry tender thought :

And while her op'ning prospect seem'd
 So lovely and so bright,
The changing skies she heeded not,
 Nor the approach of night ;

Till sound of voices broke the charm
 Of men, who, on the steep,
Watch'd the gloom gath'ring in the skies,
 The swelling of the deep.

Around she cast an anxious glance ;
 And where the sun had shed
So late his glowing beams was then
 With lurid clouds o'erspread.

The wind had not yet ris'n ; but still,
 The coming tide before,
The billows rose an awful height,
 And shook the sounding shore.

With trembling steps she hasten'd home ;
While ev'ry seaman tried,
Such things as shipwreck'd men would need,
To get, should ill betide.

Onward it came, the mighty blast,
In whirling eddies driven,
The ocean raised her mountain-waves,
As if to strive with heaven.

And soon the vast expanse of sky
One pitchy veil o'erspread,
And then the pealing thunder burst—
Such sounds will wake the dead.

That veil was rent, and all was then
Cover'd with sheets of flame—
The rain in streams fell pouring down,
And wounding hail-stones came.

So quick the peal, so spread the flash
Continuous on the sight,
No eye could bear the darkness then—
It dazzled more than light.

That fearful night no mortal slept,
Along th' affrighten'd shore,
And many a gallant seaman found
His last sad voyage o'er.

With anxious eye and anxious ear
The men on land essay'd,
To trace the progress of the storm,
To lend the shipwreck'd aid ;

While ev'ry female heart to God
Address'd its fervent pray'r,
That lov'd ones, friends, the good, the brave,
He would in mercy spare.

At length the long'd for day-break came ;
 But tho' the thunder's roar
And light'ning's flash had ceased, the gale
 Blew harder than before.

As far as eye could reach, the waves
 Their swelling breasts heaved high,
And on each head a white crest curl'd
 In awful majesty.

At ev'ry gust, the briny foam,
 Torn from the surge below,
Upon the cliffs and o'er the land
 Fell, as 't were flakes of snow ;

While on the beach and on the main,
 From many a vessel riven,
Planks, masts, and spars, and merchandize,
 Before the storm were driven :

And in the distance, water-logged,
A noble ship was seen—
But e'en a life-boat could not pass
The boiling waste between.

Who would not, safe on shore, behold
The wonders of the deep?
Who that could see the mighty strife,
Would not his station keep?

No wonder then, with throbbing heart
That MARY turned her feet,
As soon as day-break shed its light,
To her beloved retreat.

“Far from this awful shore,” she said,
“My WILLIAM spreads his sail:
“O that his homeward course may not
“Be cross'd by such a gale!”

But MARY err'd ; for WILLIAM sought,
His kindred to surprise,
And unexpectedly to stand
Before their joy-fill'd eyes.

His was the ship, on which the gaze
Of ev'ry eye was bent ;
But ere her build was recognised
Down 'neath the waves she went.

So suddenly the storm came on,
And drove her tow'rd the land,
That her brave crew, with all their skill
Could not its pow'r withstand.

Her sails were torn, her rigging gone,
Her spars in splinters broke ;
And yet the gallant bark had lived—
For she was British oak :

But in her track the upright mast
Of a sunk vessel stood,
Which, piercing thro' her leeward side,
Let in the angry flood.

Our WILLIAM felt the shock, and calm
The new-come danger view'd,
And ev'ry means to stop the leak
His hardy crew pursued.

" A seaman's fate, my lads," cried he,
" Who but a landman fears ?
" And if to-night we 're doom'd to die,
" Farewell our loves, our cares.

" But strive on still—for while she swims
" Her wreck I'll ne'er forsake ;
" And if she sink, we'll launch the boat,
" And try the shore to make."

Poor MARY saw the vessel sink,
The boat upon the sea,
Which over many a curling surge
Its way made steadily.

But suddenly its course was changed,
Its broadside 'gainst the wave :
She saw it overwhelm'd—the crew
Lost in a wat'ry grave ;

And then she saw a sailor's form
Floating towards the shore,
Which to the foot of her own cliff
The spiteful waters bore.

A moment more, and MARY stood
Close to the dead man's side—
'T was WILLIAM, whom the deep had brought
To claim his promised bride.

She saw—she shriek'd. In that brief space
Her earthly woes had fled—
The lover and the loved, alas !
Were number'd with the dead.

Four days had pass'd. The sun shone bright
In an unclouded sky :
Unwonted calmness hush'd the deep—
No breeze came breathing by.

So much of peace and pleasure then
Fair nature's aspect graced,
That none could think how stormy rage
Her beauties had defaced :

And like a dreadful dream the past
Had been to ev'ry mind,
If traces of that direful night
Had not been left behind.

The leaves, that shone in sunny green,
Were turn'd to dusky brown ;
And what had once been boat or bark
In mournful heaps were strewn :

And eyes, that erst were full of joy,
Dimm'd now the bursting tear ;
And hearts, that love and honour warm'd,
Were cold upon the bier.

But love and honour perish not,
As things of little worth—
To grace their fun'ral obsequies
Came all the country forth.

O never in that lone church-yard
So many footsteps trod,
And never in that village-church
So many pray'd to God !

Silent and slow, the lengthen'd train
In solemn guise pass'd by :
No eye withheld the tribute-tear,
No breast the pitying sigh.

In one broad grave, th' ill-fated pair
By kindred hands were laid,
And never were the sacred rites
With deeper feeling paid.

The mourning willow ever droops
Over the grassy mound,
And on the stone that tells their tale
This simple verse is found :

“ Here bravery and love unite—
“ No force their bonds can sever,
“ Who do their duty while on earth
“ Will live in joy for ever.”

THE LOST SHIP.



THERE was a fair and gallant ship sail'd forth
from England's shore,

And many were the beating hearts that in her
hull she bore.

For there were manhood's dauntless brow and
brightly kindled eye,

That sought to find a better home beneath a
distant sky :

And woman's soft'ning glance was there, but
tears were on her cheek,

To leave her own, her native land, a far-off
clime to seek.

A thousand fond remembrances, scarce heeded
heretofore,

Now rush'd at once upon her heart, and on her
spirit bore—

The sunny hill, the gushing stream, the cool
and silent glade,

Where in imagination still her ling'ring foot-
steps stray'd—

The laughing cot, her own fair home, around
whose white walls twine

The woodbine, and the blushing rose, and
heavy laden vine—

Aye e'en the meanest flower-bud, which oft,
beneath her eye,

Had ripen'd into beauty as the summer-tide
drew nigh.

And there were helpless infancy, and child-
hood's mirthful voice,

With its clear, sweet, and ringing tones, which
made the heart rejoice.

The ship sail'd forth in gallant style, and o'er
the pathless deep,
Like a huge sea-bird on the wing she onward
seem'd to sweep.
The ship sail'd forth, and from the shore full-
many a straining eye
Watch'd eagerly, till nought was seen but
distant sea and sky.
And weeks roll'd on, and months fled by, and
long years pass'd away,
And still no tidings reach'd the friends of those
who sail'd that day.
They knew not if the ship were lost when raging
waves ran high,
Or if she sank 'mid calmer seas and 'neath a
clearer sky :
They only knew, that from that shore she went
to brave the main—
They only knew, that to that shore she never
came again.

LOVE IS LIKE THE SUNNY RAY.



“ OH love is like the sunny ray ? ” —
As bright indeed, and warm ; but say,
When it is found as transient too,
Who would the fickle prize pursue ?

The brightest ray that ever shone
Gleams for a moment and is gone,
And ev'ry vapour in the sky
Obstructs its passage to the eye.

Wretched 's the man, whose peace depends
On chance-found joy—
Wretched is man, when passing shades
His bliss destroy.

Give me the love that ever throws
A pure, a constant light—
That glows thro' ev'ry cloudy day,
And shines thro' ev'ry night.

Give me the love, whose cheering beams
Pierce thro' misfortune's gloom—
Give me the love, that never dies
Till the loved one 's in the tomb.

Will it die then ?

The love, which virtue's bosom fills,
Lives on thro' life's unnumber'd ills—

Feels less of sense as added years
Diminish temp'ral hopes and fears—
Survives the mortal strife—and bears
The happy soul to those ethereal plains,
Where joy for ever dwells, where love eternal
reigns.

PEACE, PEACE.



PEACE, peace ! My soul, be still,
Nor with thy ceaseless yearnings wear away
Thy weak and fragile tenement of clay ;
But wait thy MAKER's will.

The caged bird, like thee,
Beats up with frantic breast against the wires ;
And, scorning such a prison-house, aspires
To burst it and be free.

Death's dark all-swallowing wave
Hath rolled o'er all who loved me—like the tide,

Which made the earth and ocean but one wide
And universal grave.

My spirit, like the dove,
Sent from the ark which held the human race,
Can find below on earth no resting place,
And longs to flee above.

Then, LORD, if 't is thy will,
My own loved father I again shall see,
My mother's smile shall sweetly light on me.—
Peace, peace ! My soul, be still.

FINIS.



the same time, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has been publishing a series of articles on the subject of the "New Diseases of Man."

The first of these articles, published in the issue of January 1, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The second article, published in the issue of January 8, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The third article, published in the issue of January 15, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The fourth article, published in the issue of January 22, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The fifth article, published in the issue of January 29, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The sixth article, published in the issue of February 5, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The seventh article, published in the issue of February 12, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The eighth article, published in the issue of February 19, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The ninth article, published in the issue of February 26, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The tenth article, published in the issue of March 5, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The eleventh article, published in the issue of March 12, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The twelfth article, published in the issue of March 19, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The thirteenth article, published in the issue of March 26, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The fourteenth article, published in the issue of April 2, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The fifteenth article, published in the issue of April 9, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."

The sixteenth article, published in the issue of April 16, 1904, was by Dr. J. H. B. Moore, of the University of Chicago, and was entitled "The New Diseases of Man."